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Chapter 437: Village of Sin

The north wind raged madly, and the snow began to fall again, the wind and snow hitting faces with an icy, bone-piercing chill, a stark red pain.

Qi Taiguo and others lay in ambush in the bushes, watching the passing vehicles and the movements in the surroundings.

With the weather so cold, having been on the ambush for several days, it was strange that not a single robbery had occurred. Logically, it didn't make sense, with the New Year approaching soon, these people would want to have a prosperous year; they definitely wouldn't come back empty-handed!

"This weather is really lethal, why is it so cold, do you think we'll come up empty-handed again tonight?" Chen Shouwang asked Qi Taiguo beside him.

One wouldn't know until they were on the mission, but now it was clear military merits weren't so easily earned—just look at this damned weather, freezing people stiff.

Another person said, "If you ask me, what are these police even doing? They can't even get important information out of a criminal interrogation. Is just waiting here like sitting ducks any use?"

"Besides this, what other plan do you have? Go ahead, say it?"

"This..."

"Enough, stop talking." Qi Taiguo said sternly, looking up at the sky again, his lips forming a straight line. The sky was about to brighten; it seemed like another fruitless night.

The mission had been going on for several days now, and every combat plan, with each new day's arrival, had failed.

The mission was not going smoothly, there was no progress at all, and with Cheng Su's health on his mind, Qi Taiguo felt as restless as a ticking time bomb ready to explode.

As the sky gradually turned lighter and the order to pull back came through the earpiece, Qi Taiguo's face sank completely, and he kicked a small mound of dirt beside him with force.

Another day wasted; when could they complete the mission and go home?

Returning to the temporary assembly camp, Qi Taiguo, who had been on watch all night, didn't bother to rest but grabbed the communication phone and dialed the restaurant. Hearing from Qiulan that Cheng Su's fever had subsided but she was quite weak, his heart twisted into a knot.

After hanging up the phone, Qi Taiguo, carrying a heavy heart full of frustrations, intended to go back to rest for a bit when the combat team sounded the emergency assembly whistle.

Once in the conference room and listening to the commander's opening remarks, their operation, which had not seen any progress for days, finally received an important piece of intel from a special intelligence line.

However, when Qi Taiguo saw the message reported, it sent shivers down his spine.

In a certain village, the entire population—men, women, the elderly, and children—were all robbers, committing crimes brazenly over a long period. To avoid having their faces recognized too often, they took turns committing robberies. This time you, next time him. The loot was handed over to the 'big brother,' who would then distribute it among the robber's families.

These people would not head straight back to the village after a job but would take short-term manual work for a month or half a month outside and then return to the village to await further instructions, repeating this cycle.

Therefore, you see in that village, what look like honest farmers during the day could transform into bloodthirsty fiends, brutal and savage, come nightfall.

Qi Taiguo said, "Chief, may I ask if this source of the information is reliable?"

He truly couldn't believe that there existed such a 'Village of Sin' in the world—it was too horrifying.

No wonder none of the people they caught revealed anything. Once they talked, it likely meant everyone in their families, young and old, would be wiped out.

"The source is absolutely reliable," the commander said gravely. "Next, we must eradicate this 'Village of Sin.' Comrades, this will be a tough battle. We must unite as one and ensure the destruction of the 'Village of Sin,' eliminate the root of the evil, and restore peace to our nation and society."

Qi Taiguo's heartbeat pounded like a drum, his hands clenched into fists under the table.